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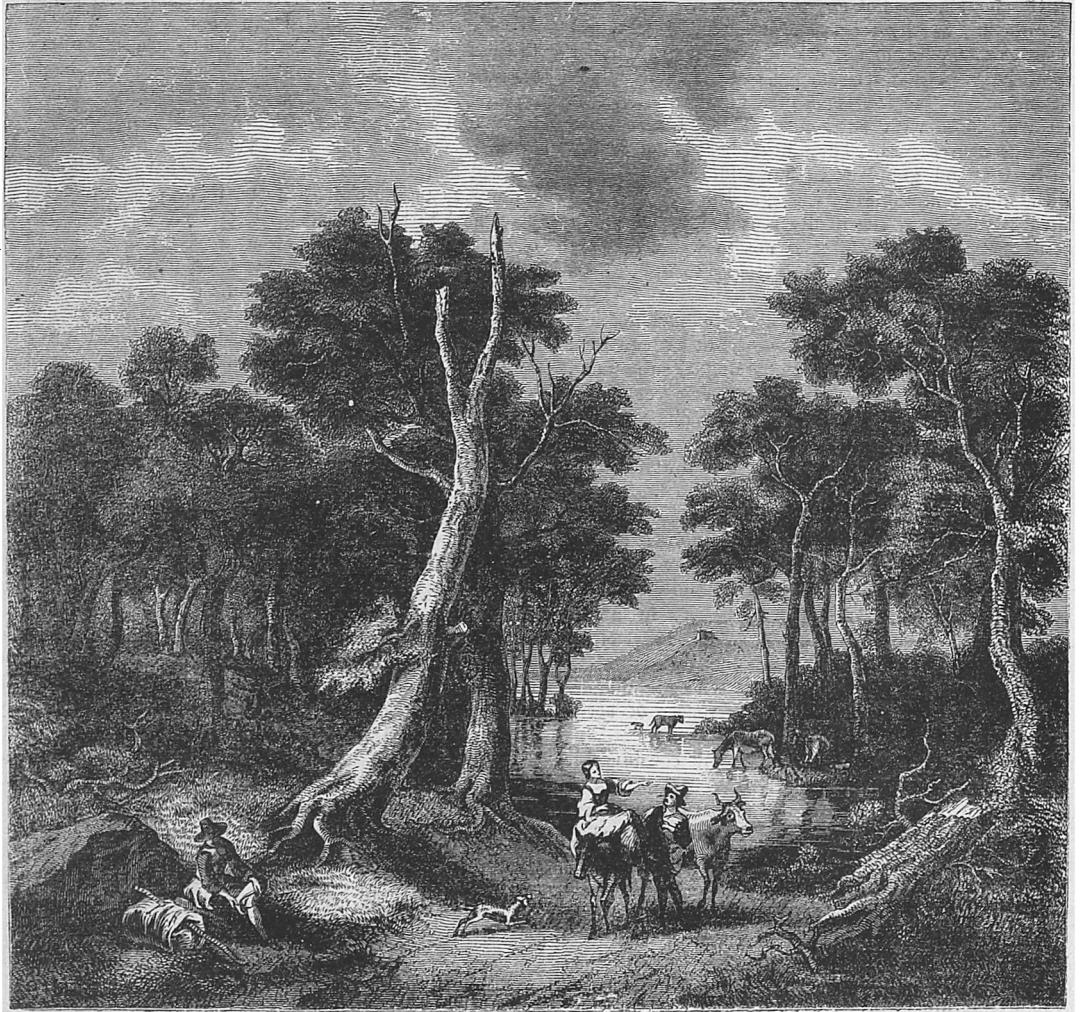
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moveable shadow darkening the still water of the lake. There, a still, dark piece of water, the broad leaves of the lotus on its surface, yellow flowers flourishing in refreshing coolness, a background of gigantic forest trees. Something always dark and shadowy. Kugler says that Ruysdael is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole pastoral school of landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something that

was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brooks—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are, in fact, a renewal of that old worship of the spirit-nature, which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man; but such features, in general, stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements.



A LANDSCAPE BY RUYSDAEL.

WOUVERMANS.

SOME artists have made it their pride, especially Flemish artists, to paint the tap-room, and the jolly idlers, the drinkers, smokers, and vagabonds of society—men who are only their own enemies, we are told, but who are truly everybody else's also. Van Ostade, Brauwer, Teniers, and the prince of caricaturists, Pierre Bamboche, were all fond of representing taverns where the peasant with a jug of beer slowly quaffs and smokes as if there were no other object in life. Wouvermans, on the other hand, paints castles, and huntsmen, elegant life, military exercises, the games of the old nobility; not those who haunted the purlieus of the courts, leading a life worse

than that of the tap-room, but those who frequented the riding-school, the fencing-room, and whose science was of the Epicurean school, men who drank deep, slept little, were keen upon a scent, good shots, and excellent riders. These robust and happy ones of this earth led a gay and rude life, studying falconry, and educating the needful animals, or penetrating the mysteries of the kennel—a race not yet departed, though changed in costume and certain details of manners, yet still the same. They wore a costume suited to the painter's art—the feathered beaver of loose Bassompierre, the fine lace collar, the doublet with frogs, the open boots which now have taken

refuge on the stage, to be worn by villains and robbers. They wanted nothing. They had beautiful, though rather masculine ladies to love, fine carriages, packs of hounds, hunters, and Spanish horses with fiery heads and glorious manes—and last, but not least, they had Wouvermans to paint them, and give the men existence long after their castles were mouldered in the dust, and their very names were forgotten.

Prancing cavalcades, encampments, charges of cavalry,

judging them simply from their works—Wouvermans would be described as having led a sunny life, hunting, riding, and banqueting in hall and bower; while the truth is, he never left Haarlem, and was long unknown and obscure, always retired, laborious, and quiet. He was born in 1620, and died on the 19th of March, 1668. From his father's studio, Wouvermans passed to that of Wynants. There he acquired the best qualities of this master—a powerful execution, a delicate yet



THE OFFICERS' HALT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WOUVERMANS.

horse-markets, stables, forges, ring-races, halts in woods: all these are Wouvermans' choice morsels. Everywhere he introduces the horse, an animal he has profoundly studied, and of which he has deservedly made a poetical animal. It is his favourite study, and he always introduces the animal under favourable circumstances.

Were we to judge from his pictures—and this shows what erroneous opinions must have been put forth relative to artists,

firm touch, which rendered the inequalities of scenery, sandy hillocks, stones, plants, &c., with equal fidelity. Wynants' lessons were confined to landscape, while Wouvermans had a perfect passion for horses. He studied the animal, therefore, in the riding-school, in the stable, in the inn yard, everywhere, and succeeded in investing the horse with a charm of grace and elegance in his pictures, which is one of their chief attractions. His success was so great that his study must have

been laborious and patient, there being no such thing as mere intuition, even with the brightest genius.

Moyreau has engraved eighty-eight horses from Wouvermans, and even the student of zoology may learn here almost as much as from nature or Buffon. Like Cuyp, who lived to paint only fine fat cattle, Wouvermans' delight was to represent the powerful, handsome, healthy horse; not the broken-winded "roarer," suited better to the caricaturist than the great painter. He was most learned in all details, knew every piece of the harness, the cut of saddles was familiar to him, he could tell the right length of the stirrups, of the girth, the reins, and of the bit; while he never forgot the shape of the pistols or their correct positions.

Having mastered his subject thoroughly—the secret of many successes we cannot sometimes explain—he combined with it an exquisite perception of scenery, and set to work to illustrate the romance of horsemanship. Many painters before him had introduced horses into their compositions, particularly into battle scenes; but Wouvermans was the first who worked up the graces of equitation, who, choosing to paint stout country gentlemen, elegant cavaliers and huntsmen, made of the horse an essential feature in his picture; for we know not a single exception among his productions—all contain a horse, or a part of one. This is so true, that Wouvermans, as if jealous of making his favourite animal subservient in interest, never selects a moment in the chase when attention is drawn to the animal pursued, but watches for the opportunity of developing the grace and intelligence of the horse: in this respect unlike Ruthard, Oudry, Snyders, and Rubens. The bounding deer, leaping a ravine, or listening to the coming hunt, his elegant form in the foreground of a picture, draws off the interest from the horse. He, therefore, generally supposes the hunt, or paints the meet, the halt, or the return.

Had Wouvermans been paid for his pictures what is now their value, he too would have had his pages and his falconers, his hunters and his beautiful white hounds with silky coats, a heron-pond in his park, bay, black, and gray horses, and that white charger; in fact, all those that appear in his pictures, neighing, prancing, drinking, eating. But Wouvermans was modest and timid, and these qualities hindered much his success both as to money and fame. He trusted to dealers to fix prices on his exquisite hunting groups, and he took without grumbling any price that was offered him. Besides, in Haarlem, Wouvermans had a formidable rival in Pierre de Laer, known as Bamboche. When painting his scenes of real life—those elegant cavalcades which might any day be seen in the country—Wouvermans did it with so much ease and native grace that he appeared to invent nothing, simply because he was true and graceful like nature herself; while Bamboche astonished people by his compositions about thieves, terrible dramas of the hidden life of towns, things less familiar to the common eye than grooms, captains, and squires.

One De Witte, a Haarlem picture-dealer, having requested Bamboche to paint him a cavalry piece, the artist asked 200 florins, and would not take a penny less, upon which the dealer went to Wouvermans. For the money which Bamboche had scornfully refused, our artist painted a masterpiece, and thus began his fame. De Witte made a great stir about the unknown talent, and called together all the amateurs of Haarlem to admire a picture, which the dealer valued all the more that it enabled him to be a little avenged on Bamboche. Wouvermans got on better after this; he was better paid than before, and, as the learned Houbraken says, "was now well received by rich Meccenas." The minute Dutchman, whose work ought to be translated, quotes also as an instance of the pecuniary success of Wouvermans, the fact that he gave his daughter 20,000 florins when she married Henri de Fromantjou, an artist of fame. And yet what was this to the fabulous prices attained by his pictures after his death, when the Elector of Bavaria, the Dauphin of France, and others, contended for them, and bought them up, no matter at what sacrifices?

If we examine the paintings of Wouvermans with the eye of a connoisseur, we shall admire not only the painting, but the

choice of the subject, the gallantry, and the picturesque character of the scene, which always breathes of chivalry and feudalism, which, however brutal and degrading in itself, always looked well at a distance. Even the haughty, and often absurd and petty, Louis XIV., who exclaimed, when shown some drinkers by Teniers, "Take away those scarecrows," would not have had his royal delicacy offended had he chosen some subjects from Wouvermans to adorn his cabinet. There would have been the persons he wanted to work upon; the rough country gentlemen he was to attract from their turreted homes to learning the mincing step and courtly vices of the palace of Versailles—sure presage of that Capuan voluptuousness which was to end in the great storm of 1793.

But Wouvermans shows little interest in the tender passions, none at all in its gentler phases; if there be any, it is the rough love-making of the fields. The trumpet sounds to mount; the officers come forth in their heavy boots and cuirasses. They have been drinking stiffly, and perhaps one may linger to say a word of gallant impertinence to the girl of the inn, while he roughly tries to snatch a kiss. What else can you expect from men who drink strong liquors, and wear such boots?

Look at "The Officers' Halt" (p. 265). These are men and horses only to be found in the paintings of the Flemish school. Mark the two steeds, on one of which an officer is mounted, who has just quaffed a huge draught of strong ale, and is holding out the pot to a girl, who is, however, delayed by another worthy in gay apparel, who pinches her chin familiarly with one hand, while he clutches his horse's bridle with the other. This animal is admirably rendered—position, form, head, harness, all are painted with vigour and truth. All the accessories of the picture are admirable. The beggar whom no one notices, the distant hills and the river beneath them, the ferry-boat, the card-players round their table, the boys playing with the dog, the great tree shattered by many a storm, the tent, all demonstrate the power and vigour of the painter.

But Gersaint* truly characterises his touch, when he says, "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two painters who have worked hardest, though they are so opposite in character." The finish of Wouvermans is exquisite, it is something extraordinary—we may even go so far as to say it is too finished at times. His greensward sometimes looks like velvet. Gessner has noticed this.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that Wouvermans, towards the end of his career, threw into the fire whole portfolios of drawings and studies from nature. The reason for this is not really known. Some say, that he wanted to deprive his son of these rich portfolios, for fear that his native idleness would be thus encouraged; while others allege, that he wished to deprive his brother and rival of the advantages which he might have derived from such studies. This version is as odious as it is unlikely. It resembles a story told by Roestraten, who says that De Witte, informed of the death of Bamboche, took possession of a chest full of studies, drawings, and thoughts, which he gave to his friend Wouvermans, who having pilfered all that was useful to him, destroyed the rich materials of his friend by burning. A more absurd and ridiculous story was never imagined. Bamboche died in 1673 or 1674, six years after Wouvermans.

This great painter breathed his last in 1668, leaving a son, who became a monk. Of his two brothers, John and Peter Wouvermans, the first is the ablest. His other pupils were Bernaert Gaal, Emmanuel Murant, John Van der Benc. His successful imitators were Hans Van Lin and John Griffier.

His "Horse Market" is one of his great pictures. In this he has surpassed himself. The rascally cunning-looking horse-dealers, making their horses prance before the buyer with whip and spur, are admirably represented. It combines many rare qualities. His "Parc aux cerfs," not that horrid den of the same name which Louis XV. patronised, but a real collection of deer, is admirable. In fact, in the delineation of

* Gersaint, "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorangere." Paris 1741.

animals he is always excellent. Sometimes his real life is carried too far, becoming simply dirty. The same was true of Teniers, whose drunkards are extremely offensive.

But the men and women of Wouvermans are always model men and women; his ladies are those beauteous dames who adorn the court and the palace. He scorns the poor, at least on his canvas, though probably as sympathetic with them as any other noble and generous heart. It is not necessary that we should believe Wouvermans a servile worshipper of wealth and rank; a man of genius could not have been anything of the kind; but his natural love of the beautiful and the gorgeous drove him always to the representation of life in the upper classes.

And he dearly loved the aristocracy of animal creation. No knackers' horses for him, no ill-used and battered donkey under a shower of blows, no fitting subject for the pity of the tender-hearted would obtain notice from Wouvermans. Shakspeare has a scene which Wouvermans would have been delighted to illustrate:—

“ Look when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature! workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.”

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide.
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.”

Wouvermans has none of that soft melancholy which some of the Flemish school were so fond of. It is true that at times, unconsciously, he painted landscapes sweetly sad, like the bleak shores of Wynants; he painted, too, some of those shapeless hillocks, with a yellow tint; those heaps of sand, covered here and there with brush, at the foot of which winds a small stream, that looks all but motionless. But the true poetry of Philip Wouvermans, the ideal which is depicted on his harmonious canvas, is a dream of happiness; not of that happiness which love-sick painters find in a gentle look, or in a green and rich field, in the solitude and silence of desert places; but of that real happiness, so easy to the rich, full of comfort and dignity, which is the result of health of body and peace of mind. These few remarks may enable the reader to appreciate the characteristics of this powerful and pleasing artist, whose pictures are still the delight of amateurs, and are rated at no more than their value, despite their number. A large number of his best pictures are in St. Petersburg, alongside Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, and others. His paintings, however, are also to be found in all the great galleries of Europe.

CYRUS DURAND,

THE MACHINIST AND BANK-NOTE ENGRAVER.

THE life of a self-educated man, who has raised himself to eminence, however regarded, is one of more than ordinary interest. It appeals directly to the heart, and calls up the memories of our own struggles and triumphs. We feel at once all the barriers of distance and conventional restraints giving way. All distinctions are lost in the character of the man. We are friends, and as such are ready to listen to the story of unassisted thought making its way in the world.

These remarks naturally grow out of the contemplation of the subject of the present biographical sketch. We are about to draw the outlines of a life, singularly quiet and secluded—a life known chiefly to him who lived it, and some of the finest triumphs of which were achieved and quietly recorded in the heart while the world slept.

Cyrus Durand, the subject of the present sketch, was born in 1787, in Jefferson Village, Essex County, New Jersey, the second of seven sons, all remarkable for mechanical or artistic skill. He had three sisters, who, in their own sphere of life, exhibited the same mental features. We mention this fact, as part of the domestic history. Never have we known a family so widely pervaded by natural genius, or one that promises to transmit it with such freshness to succeeding generations. Skill is seemingly their inheritance.

The Durand family, as the name indicates, is of French origin, and emigrated to this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their early sojourn is unknown. The grandfather of Cyrus moved from Derby, in Connecticut, to what is now called Jefferson Village; in 1750, at that period a farming district, and enjoying few advantages of education, or intercourse with the large cities—a rude valley, girt on the west by low mountain ranges, among which much of the early character of Durand was formed.

His childhood was passed in almost unrestrained freedom with nature. Education in those days was an orphan bairn of civilisation. The inhabitants of each district picked up the wandering Yankee, English, or Irish schoolmaster, who happened to find his way to them. The winter season was commonly the time for study, and the courses embraced reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. Such was the education of Cyrus Durand, and out of such materials he was called upon by Providence, who presides over the life of men, to build for himself a character as a machinist and bank-note

engraver, intimately connected with these departments of industry and their present prosperity.

At the age of fourteen his literary curriculum was finished. He had passed over Webster's "Spelling Book," Lindley Murray's "English Reader," and Dilworth's "Arithmetic." Thus furnished for the studies and duties of life, he was called at once to its hard struggles. He began to work in the shop of his father, a noted watch-maker, and learnt the use of tools. This he did by making brass rings, and sleeve buttons, and in accordance with the simple state of society, peddled them himself.

An incident occurred in his seventeenth year, which indicates the tendency of his mind to better what he had done—a tendency which has run through his whole life, and led to as many alterations in his chief inventions as enter into the works of the most fastidious literary taste—alterations, we must add here, not prompted by selfish considerations, things foreign to his nature, but by a devotion to truth which kept him ever at work endeavouring to reach the perfect. Springfield-brook became an object of interest to him at the period just mentioned, and while others were throwing the line to catch the secluded eel or bold cat-fish, he was fishing for *muscles* for the sake of their treasured pearls. With these, he united beauty to utility in his sleeve-buttons, a pair of which, tipped with gold, was a wedding one, and is still in the family.

His handicraft extended its range. He began to make silver spoons, which he did by casting the silver in ingots and forging them. In his eighteenth year he paid a visit to a clock-maker, and while observing his works, his mind received a new impulse, and one towards his appropriate sphere of life. He returned home, and made tools for the manufacture of clocks; also an engine for cutting the wheels in clock-work. A few of these clocks are still found in the neighbourhood, and are remarkable for their excellence in time-keeping.

In 1808 he entered upon married life, but such was the dread distress into which the nation was plunged about that period, that few flowers are to be gathered by the threshold of "blessed existence." The embargo was laid on all vessels. Poverty abounded. The honest and talented mechanic was often called upon to travel miles for seven pounds of flour, and bear it home to his cold cottage through drifted heaps of